

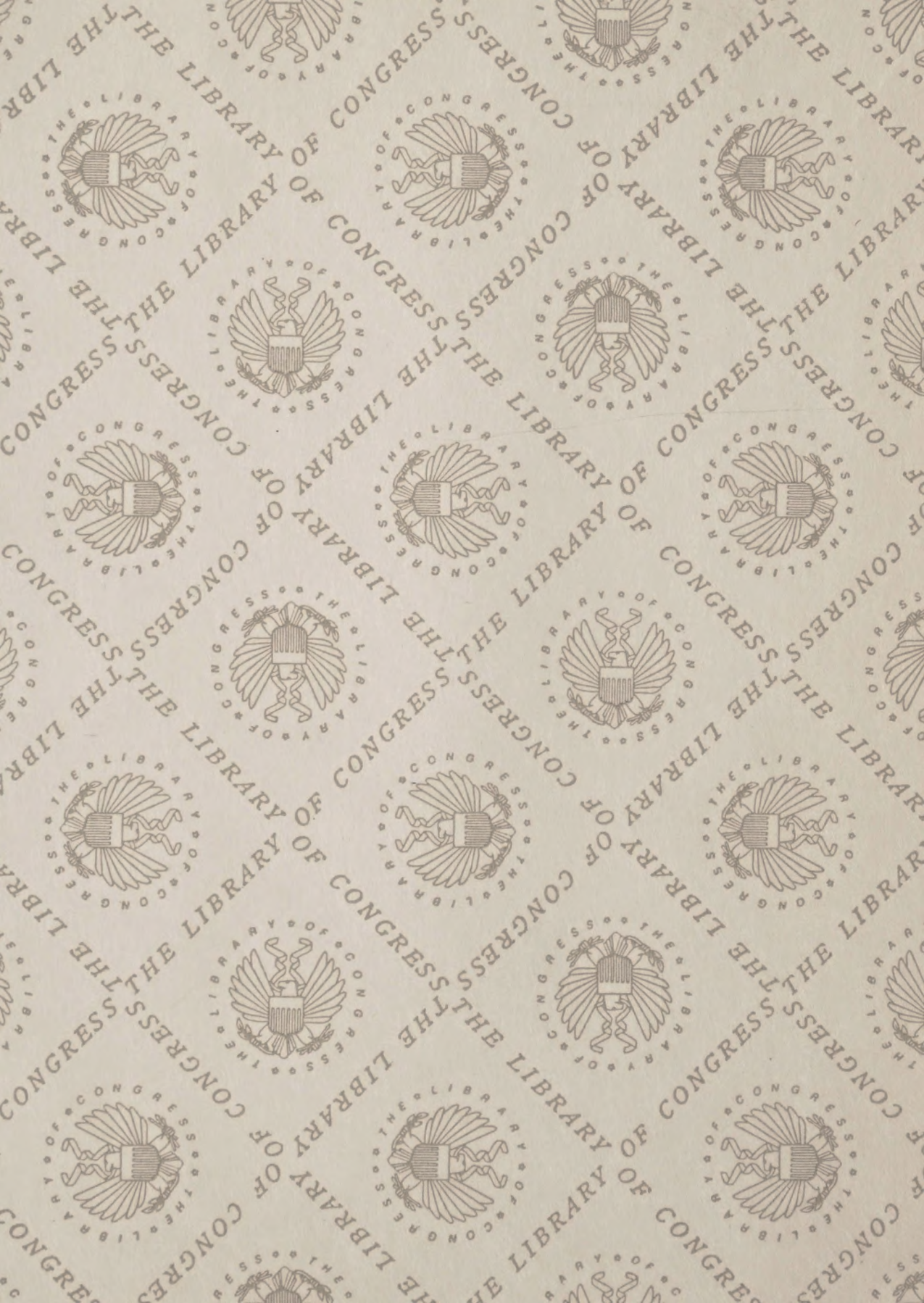
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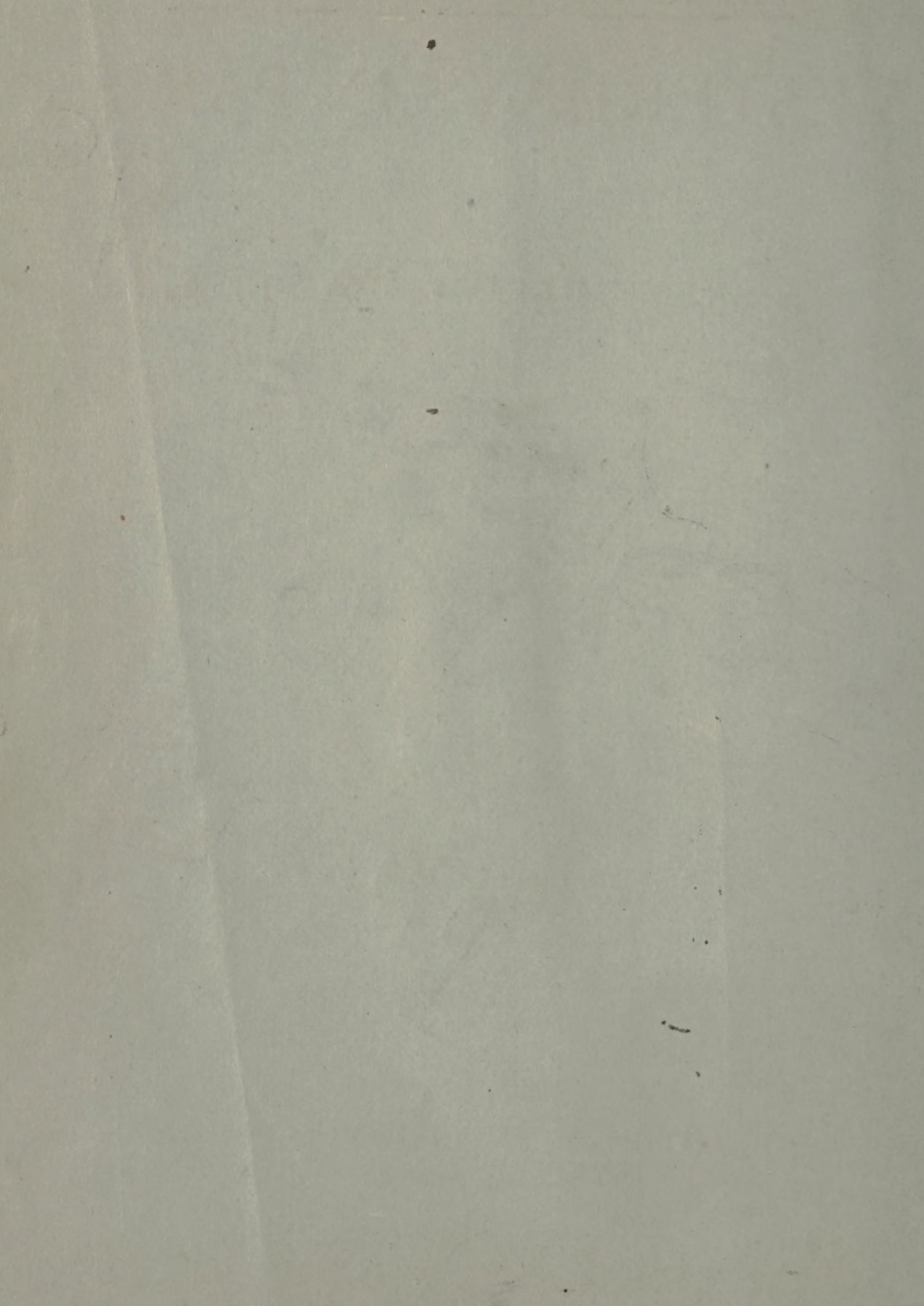




SACHEL SERIES, No. 26.

Yesterdays In Paris.

PRICE 25 CENTS.



YESTERDAYS IN PARIS.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

BY

✓
WILLIAM BRADFORD.



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YESTERDAYS IN PARIS.

CHAPTER I.

IT was the spring-time of the year, a bright day; all Paris seemed to be out for a holiday. The Tuileries, the Champs Elysées, the Bois de Boulogne swarmed with idlers. A looker on perhaps would have wondered where Toil was at work, and in what corner hideous Want concealed itself. Yet Paris had but just emerged from a terrible bath of bullets and blood. The Column Vendôme was in ruins, the people were taxed to the utmost to pay the extortionate demand of the German victors; sad faces, and forms clothed in black, appeared at every step on the Boulevard, the living monuments of what war, internal discord, and the terrible hand of the Commune had accomplished. There had also been a gigantic struggle of opposing political factions, Orleanists, Legitimists, Imperialists, and last but not least,

Republicans—these last seemed to have been predominant.

Thiers was the President at the time our story opens, which was in the year 1873. They had taken as an example the great and successful Republic of America, so successful, in fact, that its very success may tend to corrupt it. The leaders in the Republican movement in France had said to themselves: "The American republic is the sole one worth studying, for it has lasted. The principal causes of its stability are in the checks to democratic fickleness and disorder.

1st. No law affecting the constitution can be altered without the consent of two-thirds of Congress.

2d. To counteract the impulses natural to a popular assembly chosen by universal suffrage, the greater legislative powers, especially in foreign affairs, are vested in the Senate, which has even executive as well as legislative functions.

3d. The chief of the State having elected his government, can maintain it independent of hostile majorities in either assembly; these three principles were those sought for the basis of a new constitution for France; also "for France it is essential, that the

chief magistrate, under whatever title, should be as irresponsible as an English sovereign. The day for personal government is gone; the sovereign people—not the one-man power.” All this, of course, was greatly different from the old *regime*. There were a great many sore-heads in France, especially in Paris. Among the most dissatisfied were naturally to be found the shopkeepers; the brilliant days of the Empire, which drew the rich from all parts of the world to spend their money in Paris, were bright memories only; the days when fashion reigned magnificently, were succeeded by those of republican simplicity. The journals of Europe were saying, “the Parisians are going to turn over a new leaf, sobered by misfortunes, despise pleasure and luxury, become studious and thoughtful, and live like German professors.”

Paris was no longer, “Le Paradis des Femmes.”

Napoleon III. has been compared to the Roman emperor Augustus. Each succeeds to the heritage of a great name that had contrived to unite autocracy with the popular cause. Each subdued all rivals and ruled despotically in the name of freedom at first. Each once firmly established became mild and clement. Here is the difference. Augustus rallied around him

the greatest poets and scholars of the age. Napoleon III. banished all real talent, and his praises are not hymned by a single great poet. The *célébrités* of a former time exiled, assailed him from their asylum on foreign shores.

CHAPTER II.

ON this bright spring morning before alluded to, when the trees, as well as Paris, the gay vivacious city, seemed to burst into new life, sauntering carelessly along the Boulevard des Italiens, appeared a young man who might be some five or six and twenty. Heeding little the throng through which he glided his solitary way, there was that in his aspect and bearing which caught attention. He looked a somebody; his gait was not that of a Parisian—less lounging, more stately; and unlike the Parisian, he seemed indifferent to the gaze of others. Nevertheless there was about him that air of dignity or distinction which those who are reared from their cradle in the pride of birth acquire so unconsciously that it seems hereditary and inborn. It must also be confessed that the young man himself was endowed with a considerable share of that nobility which nature capriciously distributes among her favorites with little respect for their pedigree, the nobility of form and

face. He was tall and well shaped, with graceful length of limb; his face was handsome, of the purest type of masculine beauty; the eyes blue, the expression of the face noble, firm, decided, but kindly. The mouth firmly compressed, showing him to be a man; a resolution or resolve once fixed upon, became a terrible reality; one of those natures who feel deeply, but act promptly.

Another man apparently about the same age, but of an entirely different type, coming quickly out of one of the streets of the *Chaussée d'Antin* brushed close by the stately young man just described, caught sight of his countenance, stopped short, and exclaimed, "Walter!"

The young man so abruptly accosted, looked tranquilly for a moment on the eager face covered with heavy black whiskers, and politely raising his hat as if to imply his utter ignorance of the person addressing him, was about to pass on, when the other, with a well-bred mixture of boldness and cordiality, said:

"*Ma foi*, Walter; have you forgotten the old days of the Empire when you were here? The jolly dances with the *grisettes* in the *Jardin Laboulaye*; the suppers at *Tortoni's*; lastly but not least, your old friend *Victor Dufaure*?"

"Is it possible!" cried Walter cordially, and with an animation which changed the whole character of his countenance. "My dear Victor! my dear friend! this is indeed good fortune. So you survived the siege?"

"Of course; and you—when did you arrive from Old England?"

"A fortnight since," replied Walter.

"Hem, I suppose you lodge in the grand old mansion which your uncle owned? I passed by it yesterday, admiring its vast façade, little thinking you were its inmate."

"Neither am I; it has passed from our family some time since."

"*Vraiment!* I hope you got a good price for it; those aristocratic old hotels have tumbled in value since Thiers and the Republic have come in sway."

"I don't know, I am sure. My uncle left Paris so suddenly after the battle of Sedan, that his affairs must have suffered, and—Well, I am here once more, stopping at the Hotel Chatham, a place much frequented by the Americans. O Victor, they are such a rum lot; some of them don't know a word of French. One of them sat next to me at *table d'hôte* yesterday. He ate four kinds of soup before he got

to the fish, and he would probably have gone on indefinitely filling himself with soup, had I not seen his dilemma and explained the nature of the *menu*."

Victor, with a true Parisian appreciation of the ridiculous, was laughing heartily at his friend's relation.

"But," continued the other, "they are not all so—"

"*A la bonheur!*" exclaimed the Parisian quickly, as soon as he could stop laughing.

"—I met in London a Lieut-Commander Moore, of the American Navy, said to be very influential at their capital, Washington, and his most charming wife—and, Victor, you know how lovely the American ladies are?"

"*Très bien*, and lots of money, too, I suppose."

"About that I can't say, but here is the card they gave me, 'Lieut-Commander Frank G. Moore and wife, 22 Avenue Joséphine.'"

"Ah! I know," said Victor "they must be rich; the house is beautiful—in a *très belle quartier*."

"Indeed! Well, I was on my way there to make a call when you stopped me."

"A thousand pardons! don't let me detain you."

"Call on me to-morrow about noon."

"I will, and you must breakfast with me."

"With pleasure, Victor, old boy. *Bon, a demain.*"

"*A demain.*"

Left alone, our friend hurried on.

As the day wore on, the cafés began to light up, and Paris the most brilliantly lighted city in the world, began to shine and flash forth its brilliancy in the night air. It is now about time to tell a little more about the antecedents of our friend, Mr. Walter Attenborough, for such was his name. Of a wealthy aristocratic and very ancient English family, his father came into possession, after a long minority, of what may be called in England a fair squire's estate and about half a million in moneyed investments, inherited on the female side. Both land and money were absolutely at his disposal, unencumbered by entail or settlement. He was a man of a brilliant irregular genius, of princely generosity, of splendid taste, with great pride of birth. This gentleman at the age of forty married the dowerless daughter of a poor but distinguished army officer and closely related to some of the best and oldest families in the kingdom of Great Britain. He was a man of a decided nature. He once said, "I was born to the freedom of a pri-

vate gentleman, but I will bring up my son so that he may acquit the debt I owe, in the way of public service, to my country," and he did. So Walter, at seventeen years of age, left Eton. He then entered Cambridge, and became in his first term the most popular speaker at the Union. Here his father cut short his school career in England, and sent him to Paris. He was at school there, at the time of the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war, but went back to England, and had remained there until the close of the war; and at the time we are now speaking of he was attached to the English Embassy at Paris, and had but just arrived to enter upon his duties. His father was dead, killed a year previous by a fall from his horse in hunting; his mother, and two sisters were in England.

CHAPTER III.

A PRETTY little house near the Bois de Boulogne; there are a few lime-trees in the yard clothed in green; a canary-bird sings sweetly suspended in the window. Seated at this window, is a girl, apparently two or three and twenty. She is very lovely—what long dark eyelashes! what soft, tender, dark-blue eyes! Now that she looks up and smiles, what a bewitching smile it is! By what beautiful dimples the smile is enlivened! Do you notice one feature—in very showy beauties it is seldom noticed—it is her ear. Remark how delicately it is formed in her—none of that heaviness of lobe which is a sure sign of sluggish intellect and coarse perception. Hers is the artist's ear. Note next those hands—how beautifully shaped! Small but not doll-like hands; ready and nimble: firm and nervous hands, that could work for a helpmate. About her there was a charm apart from her mere beauty; it consisted in a combination of exquisite artistic refinement, and

of a generosity of character by which refinement was animated into vigor and warmth.

A beautiful old lady of eighty years enters the room, with a face like that of the unfortunate queen of Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette.

“Marianne, to whom are you writing?”

“To Valérie, grandmother dear. You know she is so lonely.”

“I know, love. Read me what you have written.”

“Come, then, grandmother dear, to my room; I left the first part there.”

Marianne's room had in it much that spoke of the occupant, everything plain but neat. There are two kinds of neatness, one is too obtrusive, and makes all things about it seem trite and cold and stiff—the other disappears from our sight in a satisfied sense of completeness—like some elegant, finished, yet simple style of writing. Easy chairs, vases filled with flowers, slight knick-knacks, well-bound volumes, which, even in travelling, women who have cultivated the pleasure of taste carry about with them. All had been coaxed into that quiet harmony, that tone of consistent subdued color which corresponded with the characteristics of the inmate.

“Now, said Marianne, I will read you my letter to my darling little sister Valérie,” and in a voice sweetly modulated she read as follows: “I can never express to you, my beloved sister, the strange delight which a letter from you throws over my poor little lonely world for days after it is received. Sometimes I am very discontented with you, then I remember discontent is the want of self-reliance, and forgive you for not writing oftener to your poor sister. The other evening I went to dine with some American friends whom *tante* knew in America. After dinner a celebrated singer sang to us. I was persuaded to sing after her. I need not say to what disadvantage. But I forgot my nervousness; I forgot my audience; I forgot myself, as I always do when once my soul, as it were, finds wing in music relieved from the sense of earth. I knew not that I had succeeded till I came to a close, and the hearty applause assured me. Looking at the face of the artiste, I saw that I had pained her. She had grown almost livid, her lips were quivering, and it was only with a great effort she muttered out some faint words, intended, I suppose, for applause. Why will people let jealousy so control them. I fear I must give up my

solitary walks in the Bois de Boulogne; they were very dear to me, partly because the quiet path I selected was the one *you, ma chère*, habitually selected when at home. But of late that path has lost its solitude, and therefore its charm. Six days ago the first person I encountered in my walk, was a man whom I did not then heed. He seemed in deep thought or perhaps reverie, like myself. We passed each other two or three times, but I did not notice whether he was young or old, tall or short; but he was there the next day, and a third day, and then I saw he was young, and in so regarding him his eyes became fixed on mine. I told grandmama, and she said that our customs in Paris would not permit *demoiselles comme il faut*, to walk alone even in the most sequestered paths of the Bois. I begin now to understand your contempt of customs and habits which impose chains so galling on the liberty of our sex. Why can't we be more like the American girls? they go everywhere alone, secure in their own self-respect. Excuse the dulness of this letter. Gustave and grandmama send love. Come home soon, love!"

"There, grandmama, it is finished; and now I must go and see about my dress for this evening.

You know I am invited to be at a *soirée* at the residence of Lieut.-Commander Moore, and his charming wife. Both are Americans of culture. She is delicately handsome, as the American women generally are, with a frank vivacious manner, more French than English, and you are going too, grandmama, as my chaperon."

Now, it is time to introduce the Moreaus. Ten years previous they were living a few miles south of the city of New Orleans, in the southern part of the United States, owners of a large plantation and many slaves. The revenue received from their estate was more than sufficient for all wants. The father and mother of Marianne had died some years previous, and they, together with their grandmother and aunt, or "Tante" as they called her, had gone to Paris. During their sojourn there the American civil war, with its attendant evil to the rich of the South, Emancipation, had robbed the family of a greater part of their property, and it was only by the utmost efforts that a small part remained still to them. Their father was by birth a Frenchman, and they by a long residence in Paris had become French in feeling and tastes. The only inmates of the family now

were the two young ladies, their aunt and grandmother, and Gustave Poyard, from New Orleans, an old friend, who served as protector to the young ladies, and was as good as engaged to Valérie, the youngest sister. He had come to Paris zealous to study art. He had thrown himself with all his soul into the study of the beautiful. Paris abounds in art. France is the land of art. Nowhere is art so thoroughly appreciated, and nowhere does it attain that high degree of finish and perfection (illustrated by the brush of Delacroix, Meissonier, and others of that school) as at Paris; but our young friend found the cooling blasts of poverty chill his ardor, and at the time we write he had entered mercantile life, and was succeeding. His history is only that of thousands. And now let us leave the Moreaus for the present and look in upon the American commander and his charming wife.

CHAPTER IV.

THE guests had assembled at the Moore's when Attenborough entered. His apology for unpunctuality was cut short by the lively hostess: "Your pardon is granted without the disgrace and humiliation of asking for it; we know that the characteristic of the English is always to be a little behindhand." "Yes," replied Attenborough good-naturedly, "slow and sure." She then proceeded to introduce him to Colonel Pierre, Mrs. Greer, and Mademoiselle Moreau. Colonel Armand Pierre was a fine type of the French soldier, tall, erect, with a huge moustache and imperial "*a la Napoleon*." He must have been singularly handsome in his youth—he was so still, though probably in his forty-seventh, or forty-eighth year; the darkness of his hair was contrasted by a clear fairness of complexion, healthful though somewhat pale, and eyes of that rare gray tint which has in it no shade of blue—peculiar eyes which give a very distinct character to the face. A close observer would

notice the lines of care or sorrow between nostril and lip. He was certainly a brave man. In the days of the Empire he had been in command of the household guard of the Empress Eugénie, composed of picked men. During the war later he was the first man to enter Paris, at the head of his regiment, defeating the lawless Commune. Since that time he had been attached to the person of Thiers, the President of the French Republic. Well-bred, gallant, he could adorn any *salon* which he chose to honor with his presence. On such occasions he sank the mere soldier in the polished, cultured gentleman, very well informed on all matters pertaining to drawing-room conversation.

"Have you ever visited the United States, mademoiselle?" asked Attenborough seating himself near Marianne.

"Yes, I was born there."

"Indeed! I should not have supposed it; but you are not an American?"

"Partly, by birth. My father was French."

"Yes, sir," said the Lieut-Commander solemnly striking into the conversation. We Americans are an appreciative people, and if the young lady sings as

well as I am told she does, she could command any amount of dollars; they would *shell out* lively there."

Marianne colored, and turning to Attenborough, in a low tone asked him if he were fond of music.

"I ought of course to say yes," answered he in the same tone, "but perhaps that would not be honest. In some moods I like music—and in those moods it deeply affects me. I always thought it necessary to be largely endowed with a sympathetic nature, not only to sing but to appreciate the singer. Some famous man has said, 'One must have known sorrow to thoroughly appreciate the soft sounds and combinations of harmony.' A concert wearies me shamefully; even an opera always seems to me a great deal too long. *Entre nous*, I doubt if there be one Englishman in five hundred who would care for either opera or concert, if it were not the fashion to say he did. Does my frankness revolt you?"

"*Au contraire*, I have lately doubted my own thorough appreciation of the beautiful art."

"What, you!" exclaimed Attenborough impulsively, then checking himself, added quietly, "Genius can never be untrue to itself, and must love that in which it excels."

“Genius is a divine word, and not to be applied to the singer,” replied she in a tone of deep earnestness tinged with humility.

Walter was struck with the reply, and was about to answer, when the host approached and asked him to join the colonel and himself in a game of billiards. Inwardly regretting the interruption, Attenborough left his beautiful friend, if not in love—somewhere very near it, at least. With her, the conversation during the game naturally ran on the all-absorbing question of the day, politics. Attenborough was drawn into it, and grew animated.

“Thiers’s position is very uncertain now. I hear the Duke De Broglie is at the head of a powerful opposition, and their object is, I hear—”

“Yes,” interrupted the colonel, “Thiers knows it himself. It was only a few days since he said to several of us who were near him at the time, ‘I assure you, *mes amis*, that a majority—what is called a majority in parliamentary language—I never had for one minute in the Assembly elected on February 8, 1871, an incongruous body composed of monarchical factions. I made successive majorities for every important and necessary question. I am blamed for not having es-

tablished the Republic quickly enough. I took up the most important thing first ; I made haste to free French soil from foreign troops before I should be overthrown, and so be too late.' ”

“ We Americans,” here added the Lieut.-Commander, “ naturally sympathize with every movement made in Paris and France towards the firm foundation of a Republican government ; we think it is what you want — the one best adapted to the French people. But one of your own statesmen has said, ‘ The French lack character.’ What I suppose he meant by that was, you are too apt to be swayed and governed by the excitement of the moment, and our statesmen are inclined to doubt the permanency of the Republic in France, owing to the powerful *opposition* to it.”

“ Too true,” answered the colonel, “ our people are not educated fully up to the idea as yet of self-government. We are not ‘ to the manor born.’ We have much to learn, but we have had terrible lessons from the past. I, personally, was glad to see the Empire fall, and you head-shaking Americans that once extolled it, now see how rotten it was.”

The colonel was a born orator, and his studies had

been those of a political thinker. In common talk he was but the accomplished man of the world, easy and frank and genial, with a touch of good-natured sarcasm, but when the subject of politics, the science of humanity, caught his attention, he seemed a changed being. His cheek glowed, his eye brightened, his voice mellowed into richer tones. Marianne, who had approached unobserved, save by Attenborough, listened to him with admiration. She was pleased also to notice in the attentive silence of his listeners that they shared the effect produced on herself.

“France,” continued the colonel, “felt little regret when Napoleon died. He left but few admirers. A lady who knew him very intimately was asked one day what she thought of her former friend. She replied, ‘He always had on me the effect of a woman,’ meaning by this that he had only the appearance of vigor, and that his mind was as wavering and variable as it was chimerical. He made many mistakes. The folly of the Mexican Invasion, the impossibility of success on one hand, and the danger of a rupture with the United States on the other, was plain to everybody but himself.”

Here the charming hostess put in an appearance,

and no further conversation on political subjects ensued. A little later Attenborough found himself again seated by the side of Marianne.

"I saw you enjoyed what the colonel said," remarked Walter carelessly.

"How could I help it," she answered naively.

He winced a little at this, but said nothing.

"Poor dear grandmama!" she exclaimed suddenly looking over to that part of the room where the old lady was, "how tired she must be."

"Did she come with you?" asked Walter.

She laughed a pretty, low, silvery laugh, and replied, in English, "She always goes with me. I have no one else now Valérie has gone."

"And who pray is Valérie?" asked Walter growing more and more fascinated with his fair companion.

"My only sister."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; she returns soon from the South of France, where she has been all winter." Here the lateness of the hour warned the visitors that it was time to depart.

"May I hope to see you again soon," he whispered in a low tone.

"I should be happy to see you any time at our house," she replied quietly handing him her card.

"What a voice! what loveliness!" he murmured softly to himself as he walked rapidly to his hotel; "and now I think of it, it is the same face I saw in the Bois that has haunted me ever since."

CHAPTER V.

THE Café Anglais, on the Boulevard des Italiens, was crowded. Our friends Victor and Walter found a table with some little difficulty. Victor proposed a private cabinet, but for some reasons known only to himself, Attenborough declined. Victor of his own accord and unrequested ordered the breakfast and the accompanying wine, while waiting for their oysters, with which, when in season, French *bon vivants* very often commence with.

Victor, with that air of inimitable scrutinizing superb impertinence, which distinguishes the Parisian youth, gazed around the *salon*. Some of the ladies returned his glance coquettishly, for Victor was *beau garçon*, others turned and muttered something to their escorts. Said escorts, when old, shook their heads and continued to eat unmoved. When young, looked fiercely at Victor for a moment, but, encountering his eye—noticing the squareness of his shoulders—acted like the older ones, and continued to eat unmoved.

"Walter," exclaimed Victor suddenly, "do you see that wiry-looking gentleman, with moustache and imperial stiffened and sharpened by cosmetics, with small eyes—pale olive-brown complexion, with an expression of face not particularly striking, except for quiet immovability?"

"Yes; and now I look closer, the expression resolves itself into one keenly intellectual," answered Walter studying the face pointed out to him, "determined about the lips; calculating about the brows. Altogether, Victor, the face of no ordinary man,"

"He is about the greatest speculator in France, almost the king of the Bourse, or stock exchange as you would call it in England."

Here the waiter brought the oysters.

"A most extraordinary man," said Victor as he squeezed the lemon over his oysters, "and very much to be admired."

"I see nothing particularly striking in his face; he looks like a bird of prey."

"All men are more or less. The eagles are the heroes, the owls the sages—he is neither. I should rather call him a "hawk," but should take care to keep out of his clutches."

"Call him what you will," answered Walter indifferently, "he can be nothing to me."

"I am not so sure of that," answered Victor, somewhat nettled by the indifference shown his hero. "If you ever speculated"—

"But I never do," interrupted Walter quickly.

"Seven years ago he lived," continued Victor, "in a single chamber—*au quatriéme*, near the Luxembourg. Now he has a hotel, not large, but charming, in the Champs Elysées, worth at least 600,000 francs. He has the genius for making money, and turns and handles millions with an unequalled coolness and *sang froid*."

"Speculation, I suppose, did all this," answered Walter quietly, and he added quickly, "I suppose you speculate, Victor, now and then."

"Of course, when I can get information from my friend over there. See, he bows to me!"

The breakfast at length came to a close. Victor rang for the bill—glanced carelessly over it. "Fifty francs," said he throwing down the desired amount.

"Let me stand half," answered Walter.

"My dear boy, not to be thought of. You are my guest for the day. Then I will take you to the

Opera—they play Faust to night. Paris has gone wild over Patti—‘the divine,’ as her admirers call her.”

“Indeed,” answered Walter listlessly; his thoughts were on the beautiful face he had seen and conversed with the night before.

“Now, Walter, we will go to my rooms for a little while, then to the Bourse.”

The young men were seated soon after in Victor’s apartments. Walter, well-bred as he was, could hardly suppress an exclamation at the luxury of the apartment. An *entresol* looking out on the Boulevard, costly pictures, bronzes and statuettes of marble—all showing a refined taste, reflected from mirrors in Venetian frames. Parisians delight in mirrors. The *tout ensemble* was very favorable to that respect which the human mind pays to the evidences of money. Nor, indeed, was comfort less studied than effect. An easy divan, thick carpets, and capacious rockers. Having allowed his friend a few minutes to admire the *salon*, the Parisian exquisite ordered a valet to bring coffee and liqueurs, and, throwing himself easily back on a divan, said to his friend, “Well, Walter, how long is it now since we were together here at Paris?”

"About five years, I think," responded Walter thoughtfully. Then he added quickly, "Have you been at Paris ever since?"

"Ever since; was here during that awful siege, when rats brought fifty sous, and dog was a luxury."

"Those must have been terrible days."

"Terrible indeed! We ate everything we could eat."

"Your father?"

"Was killed during the siege; his fortune proved much larger than was suspected. The income from stocks, houses, etc., amounted to 50,000 francs a year, but that is the least a Parisian who wants to be somebody can live upon now. It is not only that all prices have fabulously increased, but that the dearer things become, the better people live. When I first came out, the world speculated on me. Now, in order to keep up my end of the line, I am forced to speculate on the world. So far I have been successful at the Bourse; have made money; got some good points."

"Take care that reverses do not come, Victor," responded his friend.

"Forewarned is forearmed, so the old saying goes;

but come, Walter, my boy, I must go to the Bourse now. You must see that abode of Croesus; *allons!*”

To step down into the Boulevard, to hail a *coupé*, was done in a moment.

“Yes,” said Victor, the fact is, that gambling is one of the cravings of civilized man.

“The *rouge et noir* and *roulette* tables are forbidden—the dens closed, but the passion for making money fast without working for it, must have its vent somewhere, and that somewhere is the Bourse, and it is exceedingly convenient—all the go. No disgrace whatever to be seen there. On the contrary, it is the *mode*.”

The *coupé* stops at the Bourse, our friends mount the steps, glide through the large pillars, deposit their canes at a place destined for the purpose, and Walter follows his friend up a flight of stairs till he gains the open gallery round a vast hall below. Such a din! Such a clamor! disputations apparently wrathful, yet thousands changed hands every second. Not a cent but what was accounted for. Here Victor seeing some friends excused himself. Walter, left alone, looked down into the hall crowded with eager, excited faces. “Bulls” and “bears” shouting, gesticu-

lating violently at each other, as if one were about to strangle the other. A confusion, a Babel, which the ordinary calm, cool matter-of-fact business man could with difficulty reconcile to the notion of quiet mercantile transactions—the purchase and sale of stocks. As Walter gazed he grew more and more bewildered. He felt himself gently touched on the shoulder. Turning quickly he saw Colonel Pierre.

“A lively scene,” said the Colonel quietly. “This is the pulse of Paris; it beats very rapidly.”

“It does indeed,” answered Walter.

“Is your Bourse in London like this?”

“I don’t know. At our Exchange the general public are not admitted. The victims are lacerated with closed doors, and their groans do not reach the outer world. Had we an exchange like this in a fashionable part of London, I suspect our national character would undergo a great change, especially if we could adopt your laws and become traders without risk of becoming bankrupts.”

“Yes,” responded the Colonel, “we find it an institution very necessary to the happiness, if not to the well-being of Paris. The crowd of well-born, daring young men without fortune and without profession—

here they find employment, an *avenir* or future, a resource. Frenchmen love danger, they court it; win at the Bourse and beauty smiles on you. 'Nothing succeeds like success,' and so it becomes a sort of tournament, it is a vent for French love of glory, and so the Bourse keeps Paris comparatively quiet—that is, as quiet as it can be." The Colonel politely bowed, and left our young English friend. Looking down he saw, leaning against one of the pillars, the renowned financier he had that morning seen at the Café Anglais.

He was standing apart from the throng. It would be difficult to explain the change in his countenance, but it forcibly struck Walter. The air was more dignified, the expression keener; there was a look of conscious power. In fact the man was here in his native element—in the field in which he had fought so many successful battles. Just like the orator—unnoticed in the drawing-room he becomes grand before an admiring and reverential audience.

"Well, Walter, what do you think of the Bourse?" asked his friend Victor, at this moment returning.

"I cannot think of it yet, I am too confused. It seems as if I had been in the infernal regions and

the *agents de change* were imps all trying to raise Satan."

"Pshaw! You would soon get your head clear."

"At the expense of my pocket, I fear," responded Walter.

"The best way," continued Victor, "to beat Satan is to get so rich that he can't tempt you; he loves empty purses and empty stomachs."

"But do all people get rich here? Is not one man's wealth many men's ruin?"

"Generally speaking, yes, but under our present system Paris gets rich though at the cost of individuals. Crowds are attracted here, resolved to venture a small capital in the hope of a large one—a certainty for an uncertainty. The idea that it is necessary to seem rich, in order to be rich, takes hold on them. They live extravagantly, spend their money freely, and after one or two years—vanish."

"That is, they stay until their money gives out," said Walter with a smile.

"Yes, young men in Paris love pleasure, and pleasure costs money oftentimes, and so they frequent the Bourse, for is not youth the season of hope—and does not hope preside over the gaming-table?"

“And I suppose others try to emulate others more fortunate than themselves, and so Paris is doubly enriched—by the fortunes it swallows up and by the fortunes it casts up.”

“Bravo, Walter, my boy, now you begin to see. Paris is not the only city. New York, I hear, the financial centre of America, is nearly the same.”

“Come, Victor, let us move on. Speculation has no charms for me,” replied Walter.

“My dear fellow, don’t, like the *malade imaginaire*, cry before you are hurt. Nobody wants you to speculate.” Now we will go to dinner, then a drive, then to the Opera, *que voulez vous de plus?*”

CHAPTER VI.

As the friends drove up to the entrance of the new Opera House (then but just completed), the long row of carriages told of the full house within. The night, although a spring one, was quite raw and chilly. Victor ran in to get a place on the line standing in front of the ticket office. Walter stood for a moment outside. Just then a poor beggar woman, with a face which was once handsome, now furrowed by lines of care and ill-health, if not want, touched him on the arm. With the quick generosity of youth before deception has hardened the kinder impulses of the heart, he tossed the poor woman a gold piece. She seemed surprised by the value of the coin, thanked him kindly, and said in a tremulous tone of voice, "God bless you, sir, may your heart-life be as happy as your days now seem to be." The strangeness of the expression startled him. He felt a dread foreboding of coming sorrow. A cloud seemed to have shut out for a moment the sun of his happiness—but

in a moment it was gone—and laughing to himself he went in to the Opera House. The opera of the evening was Gounod's masterpiece, "Faust," perhaps the real representative opera of the modern French school of musical composition. The house was crowded. Statesmen, diplomatists, generals, lovely women, and gorgeous dresses appeared on every side. Paris is without doubt the most cosmopolitan city in the world, and on such an occasion as the opera (and the Opera at Paris being partly supported by the government is a splendid affair) one could not fail to see representatives from all parts of the civilized world. And then the building itself—the finest in the world of its kind—sets off the magnificence within it to great advantage, like the setting of a costly stone.

During the first act of the opera our friends listened intently to the music. At the first *entr'acte* Walter, looking around, saw in one of the boxes the American Commander Moore, and his wife (who, in a creamy colored silk, trimmed with artificial tea-roses, looked the embodiment of loveliness), Col. Pierre, Mrs. Greer (who, by the way, was a wealthy widow lady from New Orleans, a former friend of the Moreaus) and lastly (here his heart gave a bound) Mad'lle Marianne Moreau.

“Walter,” said Victor, whose eyes had followed those of his friend, “who is that beautiful girl you are looking at? By the expression of your face you seem to have seen her before. Is she French?—is she Italian? Can she be English?” asked Victor of his friend hurriedly.

Walter answered nothing.

“I should have guessed English, judging by the fairness of her complexion—French by the intelligence of her expression, and by that nameless refinement of air in which a Parisienne excels all the descendants of Eve, if it were not for her eyes. I never saw a French woman with that shade of blue.”

“I will tell you, Victor, I know her slightly. She is from New Orleans, America. Her father was French, her mother, I believe an American lady. That is all I can tell you.”

At this moment Walter saw the Commander beckoning to him.

“Victor, excuse me for an hour, will you please?”

“*Assurément*, my dear boy.”

“A minute later Walter was in the box of the Commander.

“This is an unexpected pleasure,” Mr. Atten-

borough, exclaimed Mrs. Moore to our friend Walter.

"The more the merrier—that's what we say in the States," said the Commander shaking hands with Attenborough.

"Where can you find a place where the women are more beautiful and the men more gallant?" remarked Colonel Pierre, whose eye had been roaming over the vast audience.

"For the personification of true gallantry," said Walter, "one must take the Americans."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Greer, observing Walter more closely than she had yet done, "and why?"

"Because, though less polished perhaps in manner, and more blunt in speech, they throw open the doors of their colleges, and admit to the professions their women, thus giving them an equal chance with men."

"Bravo, Mr. Attenborough!" said Mrs. Moore clapping her hands together with delight.

"Attenborough," said the Commander, in a solemn tone of voice, but with a twinkle of merriment in his eye, "you have touched upon my wife's favorite hobby, Woman's Rights, and to punish you, I shall

have you at our house day after to-morrow at dinner. My wife will want to convert you more thoroughly."

"Yes, do come," added his wife.

Walter accepted the invitation with a polite bow of thanks, and listened intently to the music of the second act, which was now under way. During the performance of this act he looked occasionally at Marianne. The expression of her face was soft and somewhat sad, but unobservant; he longed to speak to her, but during the time he had been in the box, she had scarcely noticed him, beyond a polite bow of recognition, when he had first entered, at the close of the act. A friend of the Commander's came in for a moment and then went out.

"That man, sir," said the Commander to Colonel Pierre, "was one of the bravest generals in our late civil war in America."

"On which side was he?" asked the Colonel.

"On the Union side, sir."

"I suppose the bitter feeling has somewhat disappeared between the North and South of your great country," said the Colonel.

"Some—yes, but not entirely. We cannot but

think it was a good thing for the country to have rid itself of a class of lazy purse-proud Southerners, who despised labor"—the Commander being accustomed to ships, and giving orders in a loud tone, had unconsciously acquired an elevated tone of voice in conversation.

Mrs. Greer, seated near, overheard the conversation. It was more than she could bear; well-bred as she was, and accustomed to self-control, a flush of indignation mantled her cheek. Turning to the Commander, in a tone polite yet firm and decided, she said, "Whatever may have been our shortcomings, we at least taught our sons to be gentlemen, and revere and respect the feelings of others."

The Commander looking rather foolish, surprised at the suddenness of the attack, turned to his wife, who shook her finger at him. The Colonel very much pained felt that a "brilliant flash of silence" was the most acceptable thing for him. Happily Walter was so absorbed in a conversation with Marianne that he had not heard the conversation. The Colonel, a moment after, excusing himself, was seen soon after in conversation with Thiers, then the President of the French Republic, who was that

evening at the Opera, and whose downfall was then daily expected. During the exquisite music of the third act, in which the great tenor solo "Salve dimora" forms so prominent a feature, Walter now and then whispered in a low tone to Marianne, in such a way as to cause Mrs. Greer, who was acting that evening as her chaperon, to be somewhat uneasy, but she had perfect confidence in her fair charge. Walter remained in the box until the close of the act, then excusing himself—not, however, before he had promised Marianne to call on her on the morrow—he rejoined Victor, whom he found smoking a cigarette in the *foyer*.

"Walter, old boy, where have you been this age," was his salutation on seeing his friend. "I've got some fun on hand yet to-night for you. At the Café Chantants on the Champs Elysées, they sing the Marseillaise now, after so many years being forbidden, and the way they sing it!—but I suppose it will soon grow old like everything does in Paris.

"I suppose," said Walter, "the only way is to put an injunction on the tune."

"Yes, then it will keep fresh!" or, added Victor, "we can go to-morrow afternoon to the Cirque de l' Eté

on the Champs Elysées also, and hear the famous "Garde Républicaine Band" fresh from America's big jubilee at Boston. They play American airs at the close, and the people all shout at the top of their voices and applaud.

"What is that for?" asked Walter.

"Oh, the Americans are all the rage here now."

"Not because they spend so much money?" said Walter laughingly.

"Not exactly that," replied the Parisian, "but we have a republic like the Americans, and of course are *en rapport* with them."

"Well, Victor, I am sorry to say that I am engaged to-morrow afternoon, and to-night—well, old boy, I don't feel like going anywhere — except going to sleep."

Victor stared at him in surprise. "What has come over you now?"

"Oh, nothing much," answered Walter. They both went in and remained until the close of the opera. He said "good-night" to his friend, and in spite of all invitations to the contrary walked slowly to his hotel.

"Fate," he muttered softly to himself, "is not the

ruler, but the servant of Providence. Is it my fate to love that girl—and perhaps not to be loved in return? I feel strangely blue to-night—I'll run over to England for a day or so. No, I will stay, and let the worst come, whatever it is."

CHAPTER VII.

THE day is pleasant for spring—somewhat warm. Marianne sits where we last saw her, by the window. The gentle breeze waves her hair, trying evidently to spoil its neatness. A little bird sings sweetly, perched on the branches of the lime-tree in the yard. The suburbs around Paris are at this time of year a pleasing relief from the metropolis; the trees seem, with their redundance of leaf and blossom, compared with the trees of the boulevards, more rural and inviting. Here it seems as if all the wheels of loud, busy life were still. She is writing to her sister Valérie. We may look over her shoulder and see what she has written: “My darling petite Valérie,—Have you met, since you have left me, any English people? It seems to me so difficult to know an Englishman well. Between us, the French, and them of the island, the British Channel always flows. There is an Englishman here, a Mr. Walter Attenborough, to whom I have been introduced, whom I have met, though but

twice in that society which bounds the Paris world to me. He is the only son, I am told, of a man of wealth, and on both sides he belongs to the *haute aristocratie*. He himself has that elegance of manner and repose which we call *air distingué*. In most *salons* the eye would fix on him and involuntarily follow his movements. His manners are frank and natural, wholly without the stiffness said to characterize the English generally; but what strikes me most in this Englishman is the open expression of countenance—in other words, sincerity. Mrs. Greer likes him; she said this morning only, speaking of him: ‘His eyes, at times, would light up a California mine!’ She has so many queer expressions, *n’est pas*? He professes not to understand music, yet he spoke of it with an enthusiasm which delighted me, and last night at the Opera he spoke a great deal about it. He considers the Italians the children of music and song. They have it spontaneously in them—a part of their nature inborn. With us and the Germans it is too much a matter of thought and study; forced, not so natural as it ought to be. He talks exceedingly well—yet I could never fall in love with him. Colonel Pierre is well, and inquires after his

‘little puss,’ as he calls you. Gustave looks quite lonely without you. Grandmama—” Here the fair writer seemed to be tired, and opening the piano began to sing in a beautiful tone of voice, rich and full. Just then Walter reached the gate. It stood unfastened and ajar. He entered, then suddenly paused as he heard the voice of one singing low, singing plaintively. He knew it was the voice of Marianne. Walter approached slowly, noiselessly, and remained standing at the entrance of the room. She finished, but did not see him at first, for her face was bent downward, musingly, as was often her wont, especially when alone. After singing, she raised her face, and a quick flush of surprise passed over it as she uttered his name, not loudly, not naturally, but inwardly and whisperingly, as in a sort of fear.

“Pardon me, Mademoiselle,” said Walter entering, “but I heard your voice as I came in at the gate, and the air was so lovely that I listened almost spell-bound. How simple and sweet the words are! You must not laugh at me if I ask whose is the music and whose the words? Probably both are so well known, as to convict me of a barbarous ignorance, but you remember what I have already told you regarding music.”

"Oh no," said Marianne. "In Europe both the words and music are comparatively unknown; they are quite original—some old Southern negro melodies which my nurse taught me in my early childhood."

"I have never been in America; have often wished to go, and this air you have finished, so homelike, so much pathos, something altogether different from anything I have ever heard—are there more like this?" asked Walter.

"Yes, there are many, and all beautiful; and fortunately for us people of mediocre ability, one does not have to be an artiste to sing them."

"Artiste," exclaimed Walter! "how the word is abused. A cook calls himself an artiste; a tailor does the same; a man who gets off stale jokes with a face blackened by burnt cork; another who writes a senseless play, or a spasmodic song, or a sensational novel, highly improbable and unreal, all these call themselves artistes. And so the word is cheapened and loses its force and original meaning." So they talked together until the shadows of twilight began to fall. Marianne needed no words to tell her that she was loved—no, nor even a pressure of the hand, a glance of the eye; she felt it instinctively, mysteriously — here woman's

wit is keener and truthfuller than man's—yet withal she had a dull pain at her heart of regret—regret that she could not sympathize with the man before her—a sort of self-reproach peculiar to sensitive, kindly sympathetic natures like hers. Walter did not feel confident that he had reached the heart of Marianne; he was conscious that he was interesting to her, that he had attracted her fancy, but often when charmed by her beautiful manner of thought, and the lively play of her features, he would sigh to himself and think, “To natures so self-reliant and gifted what single mortal can be the all in all,” yet remembering that every pure-hearted girl loving truly, would naturally shrink from seeking the opportunities which it is for the man to court, he would take courage and ask himself if it was so hopeless after all.

“To-morrow is Sunday, is it not?” asked Marianne suddenly.

“I believe so,” replied Walter.

“In one week more my darling little sister will return; I am so glad!”

“You miss her so much, then?”

“More than I can tell you. On Sunday we always go to mass together, and afterwards visit poor mamma's grave and deck it with flowers.”

"I always thought that mark of love and affection to the dead so beautiful," answered Walter; "flowers are so like some lives; they hardly have time to sweeten and beautify this earth, before they are withered and gone."

"But they leave their goodness behind them."

"Let us hope so," replied Walter looking tenderly on the fair girl beside him. Soon after Walter took his departure, and Marianne, left alone, seemed lost in thought, until Mrs. Greer touched her on the shoulder gently.

"What, love, wool-gathering again: who has been here?" she asked noticing the print of footsteps on the gravel walk to the gate.

"Mr. Attenborough," answered Marianne softly.

Mrs. Greer stroked gently the beautiful golden hair, and bending her head until her lips touched those of the fair one now being rapidly enveloped by the approaching darkness of the evening, she asked, "Do you, then, love him?"

"I hardly know," she answered almost inaudibly—"I am afraid not."

CHAPTER VIII.

COLONEL ARMAND PIERRE sat alone in his pleasant apartment on the evening of the same day Walter saw Marianne. He was obliged to be near the President of the Republic (Thiers) in his official duties, and was of course at Versailles. He had been a great traveller, was a man of undoubted bravery, had during the war in Algiers been personally recommended to the Emperor Napoleon III. for valor in the field. But the request had not been noticed, as he was suspected by the Emperor to have a strong tendency towards Republicanism. He had been in America, and was an enthusiastic admirer of the Americans; was on the staff of one of the famous generals during the civil war between the North and the South, and had returned thoroughly convinced that the republic was the best form of government for France, whose best interests he had always at heart. His apartment bore evidences of his travels, in the shape of curiosities, and the walls were lined

with a heavy bookcase filled with books. Among politicians his opinions always had great weight, because it was well known that he never formed an idea rashly, nor without having previously given the subject careful and studious attention, which with his large experience in practical life he was well able, and well calculated to do. He had constant temptations to espouse the cause of the Orleanists—Thiers himself was one formerly—he had now before him a letter from his cousin, one of the most renowned leaders in the cause of the Orleans princes, tempting him. It ran as follows: “Monarchy gains much by the loyal adhesion of any man of courage, ability, and honor. Every new monarchy gains much by conversions from the ranks by which the older monarchies were strengthened and adorned, but I do not here invoke your aid merely to establish monarchy, my cousin. I demand your devotion to the interests of France”—(the reader will notice how adroitly the writer of the letter tries to touch the Colonel on his weak side, *i. e.*, a love of France). “Ah! you think that France is in no danger, that society is safe. Monarchy is our only salvation; under it a religion honored, a national church secured. Under it all the

material interests of the country—commercial, agricultural, will advance.”

“Pshaw,” muttered the Colonel to himself, “so they think I will desert the ‘sinister old man’ as they call Thiers; desert life-long principles for an hallucination; the grandest form of government for an effete system.”

Notwithstanding France had purchased liberty, equality, and fraternity at such an enormous expense, at the cost of much bloodshed, and so many desolate firesides, liberty had many powerful enemies. The Duke de Broglie, one of Thiers’ most powerful political opponents—was strongly in favor of a constitutional monarchy. Thiers, when pressed by the Orleans princes, Joinville and Aumale, to restore the monarchy, politely declined in their presence, and remarked to Madame Thiers after their departure, “These young fellows—I know them, do I not? Always for themselves; themselves first, the country afterwards. When I served their father, I did not serve his fortune, I served France. I greatly respect the memory of the king, but his children’s affairs are not those of the country. They have too often confounded the two, but I do not confound them. These princes

wish me to become Orleanist again, but I desire to act for the good of my country." Thiers, therefore, had to be gotten rid of and the government plunged into confusion. A more pliable man found—one who would favor constitutional monarchy and in time make way for it. This was the plan of the large party who favored monarchy. "Yes," soliloquized the Colonel, "when I was in America, they used to say to me, 'Why is it you Frenchmen are so fickle? Why change your government so often?'" I could only answer them by a comparison to their Republican and Democratic parties, a man born a Democrat or a Republican, with the principles and doctrines of either party firmly grafted into his life of thought, would be apt to support his own party, throughout life, at any cost. So it is in France, a Bonapartist remains so, a Legitimist or Orleanist holds fast to the political faith of his father. It is simply the preponderance of one or the other party which forms the government, the same principles apply on both sides of the ocean. "There is sometimes in human events, a fatal succession of calamities," says a French writer. "From the infatuation of the crowd for the name of a warrior sprang the second empire of Na-

poleon III. From the senseless ambition of Napoleon III. came the Prussian invasion; from the invasion, the insurrection and the Commune, from these two civil war; and as the last resulted from tremendous wrongs, it was naturally guilty of awful excesses." Here the Colonel sighed profoundly, and taking from the drawer of his desk a bundle of letters, yellow from age, bound with a little bit of ribbon long since faded, he continued: "These letters are the sole relic I have of one of my truest and best friends, Adolph Moreau. I remember so clearly his death-bed, his calm resignation—his last words: 'Armand Pierre, be a brother to my children, especially Marianne; she inherits much of my sympathetic nature, which may cause her trouble. You are much younger than I, but I trust you as I would no other man were he twice your age.' And Marianne, I see her growing more and more beautiful every day; her mind unfolding and developing day by day, like a beautiful rose, exhaling the fragrance of its truth and purity everywhere. I feel my love for her growing stronger each hour. Even now I feel the aching void of loneliness. I never felt it before. She is a creature so utterly new to me, so unlike any woman I have ever before

encountered and admired, with such wealth of mind and soul, so much alone, that—" He paused, and his voice trembled as he added, "That it would be a deep sorrow to me if, perhaps years hence, I should have to say, alas! by what great mistake has that wealth been wasted." No! I must see more of her, I have been too neglectful in my charge, but I suspect it was by reason of my reserve. I felt this love—I at first sought to check it, now I shall let it grow; what has come over me?

CHAPTER IX.

THE Lieut.-Commander's wife was a woman who had somewhat passed her thirty-fifth year. Not strikingly handsome, but extremely pretty. "There is," says a famous writer, "only one way in which a woman can be handsome, but a hundred thousand ways in which she can be pretty," and it would be impossible to reckon up the number of ways in which Susie Moore carried off the prize in prettiness. There was a sweet, gentle expression in her countenance, which poets would call "divine," speaking unmistakably of a sweet nature and calm untroubled soul. She ruled the Commander, but in such a way nobody ever remarked it. He himself would indignantly deny the idea, were it broached to him. The apartments occupied by the Americans were very elegant. The hangings in the *salon* were of geranium-colored silk with double curtains of white satin. On a table of Russian malachite within the recess of the window, in a large glass case, was the ship, full-rigged, which the Lieut.-Commander

had been on during the hottest fights of the American civil war. It was a beautiful piece of mechanism. There were only a few pictures, but they were by the masters. Walter felt as he gazed around that his friend Victor was right when he had supposed, "there was lots of money somewhere." On the mantelpiece stood a clock and vases of Sèvres that royalty itself could not eclipse. On all sides elegant mirrors reflected the beauty of the *salon*. In the *salle à manger*, or dining-room, costly exotics, hunting-pictures, and beautiful singing birds served to beautify and adorn. These Americans had adopted the French style, both of cooking and eating. Dinner with the French somewhat resembles, in the matter of time and conversation, the old Roman supper. Here are told the events of the day, wit and humor run riot; everything is not brought on the table at one time, but in courses — a sort of perpetual palate-tickling — and by this moderation of eating as well as drinking, one rarely if ever, witnesses that over-indulgence sometimes seen at English and American tables.

"Ah! Mr. Walter, I am delighted to see you," exclaimed Mrs. Moore. "All this time in Paris, and you have only been once before to see us. What a sinner!"

"Madame," answered Walter deferentially, "it was not sin, unless modesty be a sin, which made a rustic long hesitate before he dared to face the Queen of Graces."

"Well said, Attenborough," laughingly remarked the Lieut.-Commander. "I, for my own part, am very glad to see anyone who can speak the English language fluently. We English-speaking people are naturally — if not indeed compelled by force of circumstances — inclined to be clannish in the French capital."

"Yet you speak the language remarkably well for a foreigner, and I must with all candor say, that I have observed that the Americans do speak French with a purer accent, and more grammatically than the English, as a rule," remarked Walter.

"It does seem so," exclaimed the fair hostess. "Perhaps," she added, "it is owing to the greater similarity between the French and American, than the English."

"In what respect, my dear?" asked the Lieut.-Commander.

"In point of disposition. We have many French characteristics about us, which the English don't seem

to have. It always seemed to me that the Germans resembled the English the most—for instance, in their love of home and family, and in their steady, systematic, somewhat phlegmatic formation of mind and character, *n'est pas*, Mr. Walter?"

"Yes," said Walter, somewhat thoughtfully, "but we English have many individualisms which the Germans don't have. I suppose that is because we live on an island detached from the rest of the world by a channel, sometimes as impassible as our prejudices."

"Island mastiffs, as your poet Shakespeare says," remarked the Commander. "But, Attenborough," he added, "you are certainly the most candid Englishman it has ever been my pleasure to meet."

"Thank you, sir," replied Walter with a pleasant smile, "but I have been in other places besides England, and so learned to draw comparisons."

"And you are certainly just in your decisions," said Mrs. Moore. "But now dinner is ready, or 'served,' as they would say in your country."

"I hope, Attenborough, that Paris air has sharpened your appetite," remarked the Lieut.-Commander when they were seated at the table, "for our cook

is an 'artiste,' and don't like to have his 'works,' as he calls them, slighted."

"There is that word again," thought Walter, but he said cheerfully, "With my good digestion, sir, I need no stimulants in the shape of Paris air, or indeed 'air-y' kind." Then, turning to the hostess he remarked apologetically, "Excuse that atrocious pun."

"Don't apologize," she answered in a laughing tone, "we are brought up on them in America."

"What splendid soup, my dear," said the Commander to his wife, "what is the French for it?"

"*Potage à la bisque.*"

"Wonderful cooks, these French, eh, Attenborough," said the Commander sipping a little *vin de madère*.

"I believe nobody disputes their supremacy on that point at least," said Walter laughing.

"Just wait until you get to the *entrées*, Attenborough, *sautés de fois gras!*"

"I see your French holds out well on eatables, sir," remarked Walter.

"My dear boy, I soon found out here in Paris, if one did not wish to die a premature death from

poisoning, it would be best to know what you were eating."

Somehow the old proverb suggested itself to Walter, "Riches are always restless; it is only to poverty that the gods give content." But he remarked aloud, "It must have required a careful watch during the siege."

"I suppose, *then*," remarked the hostess, "it was not so much what one was eating, as to get something to eat at all."

"Stormy days those must have been," said her husband. "What are your politics, Attenborough?"

"My dear sir," replied Walter, "I am not a Legitimist, or Imperialist, or Orleanist, or Republican. I view things here as a simple observer; a looker on. In other words, I am an Englishman, and of course neutral, but I believe it to be my duty to accept for France that form of government which it establishes for itself, whatsoever that government may be."

"You Englishmen are certainly very cautious and non-committal, at any rate," said the Commander. "We Americans don't hesitate to say that we are at all times decidedly in favor of a republic."

"Very natural," replied Walter bowing politely.

"Have you noticed particularly the Parisian youth, Mr. Walter?" asked Mrs. Moore of our friend. "There are a class here who live on Absinthe, and a large class at that. They are old when they are boys. They live full gallop, hardly before they can really walk. Originally of sickly frames, they imbibe vast quantities of that fiery *liqueur*, which as you know operates very powerfully on the nervous system, and so at thirty they are worn out. It really makes one wonder sometimes what the next race of Frenchmen will be."

"Well, my love," interrupted her husband, "let's change the subject."

"With all my heart! what shall it be?"

"Mr. Attenborough, do you smoke? I have got some splendid cigars a Cuban friend sent me recently."

"Thank you, I never indulge."

"Well then, Attenborough, you and my wife Susie can go and converse on Woman's Rights or whatever you will in the drawing-room, or *salon* as these French call it, while I smoke here in peace."

"Frank, I do wish you would take those horrid

cigars out in the street," said his wife going into the adjoining room.

"Do you hear that, Attenborough," said the Commander, 'Those horrid cigars!' That's all women know about tobacco," and laughing to himself, he lighted a cigar, and leaning back in an easy chair, looked the picture of content.

"How did you enjoy the opera the other evening?" I saw you did not use the libretto much," said Mrs. Moore to our friend, when they were alone in the adjoining room.

"I enjoyed the music exceedingly; as for the libretto, how little it interprets an opera! How little we care to read it! it is the music that speaks to us. Man is like a delicate instrument, and vibrates with pleasure according to the quality of the sound he hears, and his fitness to receive it. The soul of the composer, through the music, and the human voice which interprets it, enchants and enthralls us. What a divine and wonderful gift is the human voice! And when an audience disperses, can you guess what griefs the singer may have comforted, or what hard hearts may have been softened—or what high thoughts or noble aspirations may have been aroused? Yes!

it is the most beautiful of all arts, and as an art the youngest, being only about four hundred years old. But I tire you, do I not?"

"Oh no, answered Mrs. Moore kindly, I love to hear you talk about music. I love it so myself, and I have heard it said that thoughts and expressions can be put into music which words fail to convey. No genuine musician can express by words the ideas he conveys by means of music."

"Mademoiselle Marianne is a fine musician, I think, don't you?" she asked of Walter.

"Yes; not only can she sing, but she really interprets the soul of the music," replied Walter. Although he strove to utter this carelessly, she detected a ring of pain in his tones.

"He loves her," she said to herself. "I thought so."

Mrs. Moore, like most American women happily married, and of a lively temperament, was of a match-making disposition, and here was an opportunity not to be lost. She spoke more of Marianne, but could elicit no reply from Walter, all of which only tended to confirm her in the opinion she had formed.

Walter soon after took leave of his friends. As he

strolled slowly through the Champs Elysées, then filled with carriages and people returning from the usual races in the Bois de Boulogne, lamps below and stars above, he muttered to himself, "What a strange thing is love! Each human heart is a world in itself; its experience profits no others; in no two lives does it play the same part, yet it is the one common ground on which men and women meet and sympathize,"

CHAPTER X.

A FEW days after the events related in the last chapter, there was quite a little party assembled at the house of the Moreaus; a sort of welcome for the sprightly little Valérie, who had returned from a long visit with friends in the South of France. Wherever Valérie was, there was life and merriment. Restless as a bird, she was continually on the *qui vive* for fun and merriment. Her return was a great comfort as well as relief for her sister, who, for the past fortnight, had not been at all like her old self. Besides the family, Colonel Pierre and Mrs. Greer were spending the evening. The Colonel was a prime favorite with Valérie, and her black eyes never failed to twinkle with fun when in a conversation with him. Just now she had caught up something which he had said, and with a quickness of satire which startled him, being a clever man himself, her retort put him on his mettle, and he became brilliant also. With that matchless quickness which especially belongs to Parisians,

the others in the room seized the new *esprit de conversation*, which had been evoked between the Colonel and the child-like girl beside him, and for a time flung the ball of wit lightly among them. Valérie at all times far outshone Marianne in wit and humor, and yet strange to say neither of them cared to the value of a straw about the distinction way down at the bottom of their pure, good hearts; each was thinking only of the prize, which the humblest have in common with the highest—the heart of a man beloved. After a time the conversation became less general. Marianne was seated at the piano, lightly running her fingers over the keys, the Colonel, leaning on the piano, bent over close to her.

“I was thinking,” said the Colonel softly, “only the other day, of your poor father, whom I always admired so much, although somewhat younger, and the thought then came to me, have I not been somewhat remiss in my promise to him?”

“Which was?” answered Marianne in a low tone of voice—

“Which was,” continued the Colonel, “to be to you like a brother, and I pray you to pardon my candor, if I, so much older than yourself—I do not

say only in years but in the experience of life—whose lot is cast among those busy and positive pursuits of everyday existence, which must necessarily deaden that feeling in us we call romantic—if, I say, the deep heartfelt interest with which you must inspire all whom you admit into an acquaintance, causes me to utter one caution such as might be uttered by a friend or brother.”

Marianne’s breast heaved beneath her robe; she sighed softly, but answered nothing.

“I would caution you,” continued the Colonel in a low tone, “in the great events of life not to allow fancy to misguide your reason. Judge of the human being for what it is in itself; do not worship the shadow for the substance. Above all, don’t mistake sympathy of taste and feeling, for real love.” The Colonel absorbed in the passion of his adjuration, had not noticed or looked into the face of the fair girl by his side. Now that he had concluded, and heard no reply, he bent lower down and saw that Marianne was weeping silently.

His heart smote him. “Forgive me,” he exclaimed, “I have exceeded my rights in thus talking to you, but it was not from want of respect

and love; it was from—" He stopped; the hand which was yielded to his he pressed gently, timidly, chastely.

"Forgive!" murmured Marianne. "Do you for a moment think that I, an orphan, have never longed for a friend who would speak to me thus?" and so saying she lifted her eyes, streaming still, to his bended countenance. Eyes, despite their tears, so clear in their innocent frankness and purity, so ingenuous, so unlike the eyes of "any other woman he had encountered and admired." He had a quick sharp struggle with himself not to, then and there, declare his passion and love for her, but he only said quietly, "My dear child" (the French are very fond of using that word "child" in addressing women whom they love), "I am so glad to be of service to you in some way, however slight; but it has always seemed to me that for love—love such as I conceive it—there must be a deep and constant sympathy between two persons, not, indeed, in the usual and ordinary trifles of taste and sentiment, but in those essentials which form the root of character. Nature should be in tune with nature, then all the blossoms of one's life will be kissed into beauty and

fragrance by the warm sunshine of happy and contented love." Marianne still remained silent, but that night, in the solitude of her chamber, she fell upon her knees in a prayer of thankfulness to the great Father of us all that he had sent her such a heart to love, and such an arm to support, for with a woman's quick intuition, the voice of him who had thus spoken to her, spoke also of its own love, unconsciously perhaps, but none the less plainly. The Colonel on his way home murmured softly to himself, "Ambition has no prize equal to the heart of such a woman; wealth no sources of joy equal to the treasures of her love."

"*Un véritable amant ne connaît point d'amis,*" thought the lively little Valérie to herself, noticing the abstracted air of her sister. "But never mind, I have my *cher* Gustave to tease yet!"

CHAPTER XI.

IN the Jardin des Tuilleries, within hearing of the soft soothing sound of the water falling in one of the beautiful fountains which adorn that very charming spot, sat our friend Mr. Walter Attenborough. The day was mild and balmy, the spring zephyrs softly rustled the leaves of the fine old trees. The palace itself, once the home of the beautiful Empress Eugénie, was in ruins—the work of the godless Commune, and notwithstanding the very liberal offers made to the government by wealthy Americans to rebuild it, still stood as it had left the hands of the destroyers. Walter held in his hand a note from the wife of the Lieut.-Commander, enclosing an invitation to the next *soirée* of President Thiers, at the Elysée (then his residence), from Colonel Pierre, who had sent it in this way, not knowing Walter's address. It took place that same evening. Walter was debating whether to accept the invitation or not, and had just concluded to go, when his friend Victor Dufaure, approached, saying, "Now,

old boy, I have found you at last. I have only got about twenty minutes to spare, and I want you to go with me to Frascati's for lunch. I want an oyster *paté*; *allons !*”

“But I am not hungry at all,” replied Walter.

“Never mind,” said Victor, “I am. Besides, I want to say something to you.”

When they were seated together in the restaurant, Victor unfolded to his friend the details of a grand scheme, which his friend the financier was engaged on. An immense avenue to be called after him. “There is a splendid chance for you, Walter; the shares of the company have already risen fifteen per cent. Now is your time to buy.”

“Buy when shares are low and sell when they are high, as you say on the *Bourse*, Victor,” said Walter in a quiet but firm tone. “Whatever money I require must be got in a fair manner.”

“What do you mean,” exclaimed Victor hotly, “am I to understand that this scheme for the improvement of the city is not fair?”

“As far as the improvement part goes, it is certainly fair, but the principle of inflating shares to a fictitious, unreal value, and then selling them to the

general public, knowing that their value at the time of selling is false and not a permanent value, I consider that anything but fair and just, not to say dishonest."

"Walter," said his friend, "you are decidedly old foggyish. I have given you a chance to make money; if you don't wish to avail yourself of the opportunity, I am sure it is not my fault. I shall invest in the shares myself."

"*Très bien*," answered Walter, "only look out that it is not a case of diamond cut diamond."

That same evening, between the hours of nine and ten o'clock, Walter entered the Elysée. The scene was brilliant. Chinese lanterns were suspended from the trees of the garden, and the innumerable stars of the soft mild evening lit up the night shades. The inside was still more beautiful. Masterpieces by Meissonier, Horace Vernet, and Delaroche adorned the walls; then the great *salon* with its walls covered with the richest silks which the looms of Lyons could produce. Every piece of furniture was a work of art in its way. Console tables of Florentine mosaic, inlaid with pearl and ruby; cabinets in which the exquisite designs of the renaissance were carved in

ebony, colossal vases of Russian malachite, but wrought by French artists and French skill. Beyond this room lay the *salle de danse*, its ceiling gorgeously painted, and supported by white marble columns. The glazed balcony and the angles of the room filled with rare flowers, which shed a beautiful perfume throughout the hall. In the refreshment room on the same floor, were stored in glazed buffets, not only vessels and salvers of plate, silver and gold, but more costly still, matchless specimens of Sèvres and Limoges, and mediæval varieties of Venetian glass. A little farther on was the conservatory, the air of which was laden with perfume. In one of the rooms stood Thiers—the most comprehensive, sagacious statesman France has ever produced, small in stature, but great in mind and intellect, receiving the guests in that pleasant agreeable manner of which he was such a master. Amongst all the lovely women there assembled, none were more lovely than our friends Mrs. Moore and Marianne Moreau, who were walking together arm in arm as Walter entered. He shortly saw them, and wended his way through the ranks of beauty to where they were.

“Oh, Mr. Attenborough,” exclaimed the lively

American lady, "why didn't you come with us to-day to Versailles? We had such a lovely time under the grand old trees, and we saw the fountain play, and we had a lunch *al fresco*, as they say, and—" Here the fair lady stopped for want of breath.

"I did not get your note in time," replied Walter laughing.

Just then the band struck up a waltz, and Marianne was led away by a gentleman to whom she had previously engaged herself for this particular dance.

Left alone with the fair American, Walter asked: "Your husband is—"

"Oh yes," she answered laughing, "he is here, as big as life. But to change the subject, don't you think Marianne looks lovely to-night?"

"She always seems so to me," said Walter as he followed her with his eye as she glided in the movements of the waltz.

"You love her, Walter," said the American lady kindly. "Trust in me as you would in your sisters, whom I met, you know, in London, and your mother, whom I so much admire."

"Ah, madame," said Walter coloring and looking down, "you have guessed my secret, but please don't

let it go any farther than yourself, for my sake?" Just then the Lieut.-Commander, seeing his wife and Walter, approached.

"Well, Attenborough, what do you think of this for Republican simplicity?"

"My dear sir," replied Walter in a joking tone, "I have come to the conclusion that politics are the most unsatisfying, tormenting, as well as irritating subject which a man can possibly enter upon, therefore I decline to answer your question, for the present at least."

"Ah, Attenborough, you Englishmen are sly dogs," rejoined the Commander laughingly.

Walter was about to reply when the Commander's wife touched him on the arm and whispered softly, "Marianne is in the conservatory alone. I just saw her there. Go in quickly and see her."

Walter bowed and started in the direction indicated by the American lady.

Left with her husband, she exclaimed exultingly, "There, Frank, I've done it."

"Done what, love?" said her husband in an astonished tone.

"Why that Englishman loves our pet Marianne,

and I have only waited to get an opportunity to get them together alone."

The Commander looked at his wife and drawing a long breath said, "Upon my soul, Susie, you are the most confirmed matchmaker I ever saw."

In the conservatory, alone, breathing the perfume-laden air, Walter found the object of his search. "No one," he murmured to himself as he gazed unobserved on her, "can feel more sensible than I of the charm of so exquisite a loveliness." Then approaching her he said in a low tone, "How sad it must be to find ourselves alone, solitary, unloved, and how different would life be, if shared and sympathized with by a congenial mind; by a heart that beats in unison with one's own; and then how sweet the fame of which the one we love is proud. Oh, my darling! oh, Marianne! are we not made for each other? Kindred tastes, hopes, and fears in common? I need a motive stronger than I have yet known for the persevering energy that insures success. Supply to me that motive. I love you as man never loved before—do not reject my love."

Marianne was silent—her head drooped on her breast—there were tears in the downcast eyes. It is said

the woman who hesitates is lost. Marianne hesitated, but was not yet lost. The words she had just listened to moved her deeply ; words so eloquently impassioned had never before thrilled her ears. Yes, she was deeply moved ; and yet, by that very emotion, she knew that it was not to the love of this man that her heart responded. There is a circumstance in the history of courtship familiar to the experience of many women, that while the suitor is pleading his own cause, his language may touch every fibre in the heart of his listener. Yet substitute, as it were, another presence for his own. She may be saying to herself, "Oh, that another had said those words," and be dreaming of the other while she hears the one. Thus it was now with Marianne, and not till Walter's voice had ceased did that dream pass away, and with a slight shiver she turned her face towards him sadly and pityingly.

"It cannot be," she said in a low whisper. "I am not worthy of your love—could I accept it. Forget that you have so spoken ; let me still be a friend, admiring your talents, interested in your career. I cannot be more, my poor friend. Forgive me if I unconsciously led you to think I could. I am so grieved to pain you."

Walter pressed his hand to his heart with the sudden movement of one who feels there an intolerable pain. His cheeks, his very lips were bloodless.

“Marianne, you know now from my own lips that I love you. I have been frank with you, be equally so with me. Do you love another?”

“Yes,” replied Marianne with hollow tones, but with no trace of vacillating weakness on her brow and lips. Then, leaning her face on her hands, sobbed as if her heart would break.

He passed from her—passed away from the flowers and the woman he loved—recovering himself gradually from the stun of her crushing words, and with the haughty mien and step of the man who goes forth from the ruin of his hopes, leaning for support upon his pride. As he entered the grand *salon*, Mrs. Moore met him.

“Marianne needs you,” was all he could say.

“Poor fellow!” said the kind-hearted lady to herself, and Walter passed out into the darkness of the night and was soon lost to view.

CHAPTER XII.

A FEW days after this, Lieut.-Commander Moore was passing through the Boulevard des Italiens, about seven o'clock in the evening. The crowds were so thick, that it was hardly possible to move ahead. In front of the Café Americain was the largest gathering. In the centre of a group of friends stood Colonel Pierre. On seeing the American commander he at once came out from the crowd and shook hands heartily with him.

"Have you heard the news?" asked Colonel Pierre.

"No; what is it?"

Thiers has been overthrown, and Marshal McMahon been elected President of the Republic. In reality it is a triumph for Thiers, for notwithstanding the powerful opposition by the Monarchists, they have only been able to overthrow Thiers, but not the Republic, of which he is the father and founder. And now they are filled with mortification and rage, for McMahon is not the man to go against public opin-

ion, and public opinion just now is strongly in favor of a Republic."

"So, of course," remarked the Commander, "the Republic will continue the same as before."

"Just the same. You should have heard Thiers attack—or rather reply to an attack on the Duke de Broglie, who has been, you know, Thiers' most bitter opponent. It was a masterpiece. Thiers is really as strong as ever, and everywhere liked and respected by the people."

"Everything is quiet and orderly in the city. I am sure I should not have for a moment imagined a change in the government, judging by the calmness of the crowd," said the Lieut.-Commander.

"Naturally," replied the Colonel, "it is not a people's movement; merely a political twist, and being such does not move the average mind to any great pitch of excitement. Besides that, Paris has had enough of excitement and giving vent to passions during the past five years."

"I should say so," replied the Commander. "Nations have destinies like individuals, and I hope France will enjoy peace and prosperity for many years to come. But how are our friends, the Moreaus?"

"I saw them last evening, all well. I believe Valérie is engaged to young Gustave Poyard, a very clever young man," replied Colonel Pierre, and he added laughing, "When I began to tease her, saying that perhaps he might prove fickle, etc., the little rogue said that she should carry him to the Isle of Man during the honeymoon."

"I fear," replied the Commander laughing in turn, "she would find the fair sex represented there also."

"By the way, we—that is, the Moreaus and myself—are getting up a picnic next week for Fontainebleau, in that grand old forest—one of the remnants of the middle ages—and we want yourself and wife to join us," said the Colonel. Then the friends passed into the café to hear the discussions on the topic of the day. That same morning, Mrs. Moore had received a letter from Walter's mother, which read as follows:

"Walter is with us again. He has resigned his position on the Embassy and declares that he has no intention whatever of returning to Paris. I am afraid it is an 'affair of the heart,' as the French would say. He seems so unlike his former self. His sisters are of course delighted to have him back. He gives us

no satisfactory reason for returning, but we are too glad to see him, to be particular as to the why. There is no one upon whose character and career a felicitous choice in marriage can have a greater effect than upon this dear son of mine. For in youth the genial freshness of his gay animal spirits, a native generosity mingled with great energy and ambition, somewhat alarmed me for his future. But what I now most fear for him is an exceeding sensitiveness—he may become morbid. He now seems to me chastened and sad. My boy has known some great sorrow. The quick intuition of a mother tells me this. This sensitiveness that forms so prominent a part in his character has its good features, it makes him tenacious of his word once given, so cautious before he gives it. Public life I think to him is essential; without it he would be incomplete, and yet I sigh to think that whatever success he may achieve in it, will be attended with proportionate pain. Calumny goes side by side with fame, and courting fame as a man, he is as thin-skinned to slander as a woman. The wife for Walter should have qualities, taken by themselves, not uncommon in English wives, but in combination somewhat thus: She must have mind enough to

appreciate his — not to clash with it; she must be fitted with sympathies to be his dearest companion, his *confidante* in the hopes and fears, which the slightest want of sympathy would make him keep ever afterward pent within his breast; in herself worthy of distinction, she must merge all distinction in his. I remember a remark which he once made to me: ‘I should ache, mother, from head to foot, if I married a wife that was talked about for anything but goodness.’ No, Walter will have pains sharp enough if he live to be talked about himself, without another. I trust, my dear Mrs. Moore, you will pardon the liberty I have taken in burdening you with my mother’s anxieties and troubles, but Walter always speaks so kindly of you, and of your great kindness to him. I know you agree with me that oftentimes the women whom men most admire are not the women we, as women ourselves, would wish our sons or brothers to marry. But perhaps you do not fully comprehend my cause of fear, which is this, for in such matters men do not see as we women do — Walter abhors in the girls of our time, frivolity and insipidity. Very correct, you will say. True, but then he is too likely to be allured by contrasts. I have

known him to be attracted by the very girls whom we recoil from more than we do from those we allow to be frivolous and insipid. I once accused him of admiration for a woman whom we would call dangerous, and whom the slang that has come into vogue calls 'fast,' and I was not at all satisfied with his answer: 'Certainly, I admire. She is not a doll, she has ideas.' I would much rather of the two see Walter married to what men call a doll, than to a girl with ideas which are distasteful to women. Of course I am ignorant of the disposition, ideas, and character of the girl who has evidently won his heart. That she is a woman of character, I am sure of, but of what kind, I know not. She has not returned his love, or else he would not be with us despondent and heart-broken. She, of course, knows her own heart. 'Man proposes but God disposes,' and so perhaps it is all for the best. But my poor boy! Could she but see him, so changed, so unlike his former self, methinks it would soften a heart of stone. I have a woman's curiosity to see the object of my son's affections. I somehow feel she must be lovely in thought and deed. May God bless her. I try to forgive her the great blow she has, no doubt unconsciously, given my

son. When you come to London, be sure and call on us."

That day Marianne happened to call at the house of Mrs. Moore. The latter, on seeing her, said, "My sweet darling, give me your hand. Sit here beside me, dearest child."

"Child! no, I am a woman—weak as a woman, but strong as a woman too," replied Marianne. "You have something to tell me, what is it?"

She handed her the letter.

"Thank you so much," said Marianne calmly, "suspense makes a woman so weak—a certainty so strong." Then she passed her hand over her forehead—it was a pretty way of hers when seeking to concentrate thought—and was silent a moment or so.

"Did you ever feel," she asked her friend dreamily, "that there are moments in life when a dark curtain seems to fall over one's past, that a day before was so clear, so blended with the present? It has come to me now." She read the letter through. Mechanically she smoothed and refolded it, then she extended it, saying softly, "Poor Walter, I almost wish that I could love him."

"Silly girl, no one loves you more than myself,

and do you suppose I would let you sacrifice yourself? No, no, my darling, you love another, or else not at all; which is it, my dear?"

Marianne hung her head; her face coloring highly, but answered nothing.

"Well, well," replied the kind-hearted Mrs. Moore, noticing her keen distress of mind, "never mind, I won't ask you. But when I write to Walter's mother, what shall I say from you. She would like to hear something; it would do her so much good."

"Tell her this," replied Marianne half sobbing, "that it is an inestimable value to have a mother like her. Love so ennobles those who hear its voice. Also, to tell her son how ardently I wish him to do well, and to fulfil more than the promise of his talents: tell him also this—How I envy him his mother."

When Marianne was alone in her room, she sat for a long time in a sort of stupor. Pressing her hands together and muttering to herself, "What has happened? What have I done?"

CHAPTER XIII.

VICTOR DUFAURE was very much at loss to know what had become of his friend Walter. One day in early June, when Paris began to think of the sea-side, and the gilded dome which marks the last resting-place of Napoleon I., the great emperor, was flashing in the warm rays of the sun, he received a short note—so short indeed, that he was at loss to know why it had been written at all.

“So Walter does not intend to come back to Paris, and has resigned his place in the Embassy. I wonder why. It must be some love scrape,” he muttered to himself. “I can’t think who the deuce it is, unless it was that face I saw at the Opera that evening he left me. Well, poor fellow, just like these English. When they do get hit, they feel it. But they are so awfully thick crusted, that it is something extraordinary when they do give up. I must get acquainted with the fair charmer myself,” and Victor complacently stroked his long black whiskers, and glanced at

the mirror. "But, *ma foi*, I must be at the Bourse." So, after a ten minutes' reflection, the gay Parisian dismissed all thought of his friend, and Walter and his troubles were forgotten.

Not so with Marianne, the first few days after Walter's departure. She was in constant fear lest his absence should be remarked and traced to that memorable interview in the conservatory. Mrs. Greer, who felt like a mother toward the motherless girl, noticed the sad expression on the face of Marianne, but from delicacy forbore making any comment. Valérie was too much absorbed in her own visions of future happiness to give much attention to what was transpiring around her, for what with visits to the great *magasin* of Paris, the Bon Marché, and consultations with the dress-maker, and long walks with Gustave in the Bois, her time was fully occupied; but at times the overburdened heart will betray itself, and it so happened to Marianne. One evening, about twilight, and at this time of year the days were at their longest, Mrs. Greer, the Colonel, and Valérie and her future husband, were seated together in the pretty little house near the Bois de Boulogne, already described. Marianne was singing. Her sister Valérie

whispered softly to Gustave, "Her voice sounds peculiar to me, as if the heart had known some great sorrow. She seems to be bidding farewell to a companion of former days, with whom, once dismissed into the world, she can never converse familiarly again; it ceases to be her companion when it becomes ours. Do not let us disturb the last hours they will pass together."

"Does music convey so much to you?" asked Gustave in a wondering tone of his *fiancée*.

"I know my darling sister so well, that when she sings I can often read the emotions which rule her by the peculiar intonation of her voice at the time," replied Valérie.

"Yes, answered Gustave, that shows how much sympathy there is between people. Everybody likes music, that is, *nearly everybody*. Yet all differ as to the kind. Some like minor keys, others major, and I have heard it said that everybody has one chord which seems to strike them the most effectively. Sometimes one single note will do it.

"Very true," said the Colonel, who had overheard part of the foregoing conversation. "Alongside of the real life expands the ideal life, to those who seek

it. Everbody leads two lives, a life of action and a life of thought. The ideal life has its sorrows, but it never admits despair. As on the ear of him who follows the winding course of a stream, the stream ever varies the note of its music, now loud with the rush of the falls, now low and calm as it glides by the level edge of smooth banks, now sighing through the waving of reeds, now babbling with a fretful joy as some sudden curve on the shore checks its course among gleaming pebbles. So to the soul of the true artist is the voice of Art, ever fleeting beside and before him." Here the Colonel went across the room to where Marianne sat, and was soon engaged, in a low tone of voice, in an eager conversation.

"Coming events cast their shadows before," thought Mrs. Greer, as she watched them together—"Marianne's face so cheerful and animated, and a rich rosy hue on her cheek." A few days after a lively animated group were waiting at an early hour of the morning to take the train for Fontainebleau. Large hampers of provisions, and here and there the neck of a bottle just visible, met the eye at every turn. Among the party were the Lieut.-Commander and his charming wife. Marianne and her sister, together with

their aged grandmother, Mrs. Greer and the Colonel, and lastly Gustave, but not least, as this *fête champêtre* was partly in honor of his approaching marriage with Valérie. They were soon on the train, and as they moved rapidly along, the Colonel pointed out the spots where bloody encounters with the Germans had taken place at the time of the siege of Paris.

"Ah yes," he said turning to the Lieut.-Commander, "the Germans beat us badly. But if we had only had a needle gun!"

"If you had only had something like that during the war between Prussia and Austria, you could have stepped in and made Prussia a second-class power," remarked the Commander.

"Ah," sighed the Colonel, "the corruptness of the Empire extended even to the army, and when we marched against the trained skilled forces of the Germans, we toppled as easily as the form of government called Empire. Everything was rotten, and of course the tumble was universal."

"There was, however," replied the Lieut.-Commander, "one great pardoning feature, and that was the gallantry and bravery of the French troops. One of my countrymen, who was with your army at different

points, told me you were outnumbered at every battle. The Germans seemed to have the faculty of throwing twice as many men at a given place as the French."

"Bad management and poor generalship," responded the Colonel laconically.

"That seemed one of your great weaknesses; the want of some ruling head. You had plenty of talent, but no genius," answered the Lieut.-Commander. If you could only have had Napoleon the First for a short time, methinks the Germans would have met their Waterloo."

"Fontainebleau!" shouted the guard, and the train stopped.

The baskets were soon emptied of their contents, and a table was laid under the overhanging branches of one of the grand old trees of that famous forest.

"Did you ever notice," said Colonel Pierre as he held a glass of sparkling champagne in his hand, how much the character of a people depends upon the quality of the liquor it drinks?" *Par exemple*, the wines of Italy—heady, irritable, ruinous to the digestion—contribute to the character which belongs to active brains and disordered livers. The Italians con-

ceive great plans, but they cannot digest them. The English common people drink beer, and the beerish character is stolid, rude, but stubborn and enduring. The English middle class imbibe port and sherry, and with these strong potations their ideas become cloudy and thick, their character has no liveliness; amusement is not one of their wants. They sit at home after dinner, and doze away the fumes of their beverage in the dulness of *domesticity*. If the English aristocracy is more vivacious and cosmopolitan, it is due to the wines of France, which it is the *mode* with them to prefer. But still, like all plagiarists, they are imitators, not inventors—they borrow our wines and copy our manners.” Here a round of applause greeted the gallant Colonel.

“I suppose this is an after-dinner speech,” said Mrs. Greer, who was his nearest neighbor.

The Colonel smiled and continued, “The Germans drink acrid wines, varied with beer, to which last their *commonalty* owes a resemblance in stupidity and endurance to the English masses. Acrid wines rot the teeth. Germans are afflicted with toothache from infancy. All people subject to toothache are sentimental. Goethe was a martyr to toothache. Werther

was written in one of those paroxysms which predispose genius to suicide. But the German character is not all toothache; beer and tobacco step in to the relief of Rhenish acridities, blend philosophy with sentiment, and give that patience in detail which distinguishes their professors and their generals. Besides, the German wines in themselves have other qualities than that of acidity. Taken with sauerkraut and stewed prunes they produce fumes of self-conceit. A German has little of French vanity; he has German self-esteem. He extends the esteem of self to those around him. His home, his village, his city—all belong to him. It is a duty he owes to himself to defend them. Give him his pipe and his sabre, and he can fight as we French know to our cost. The Americans"—here the Colonel smiled and turned toward the Lieut.-Commander.

"Ah yes," said the latter, "we Yankees drink hard cider, and it makes us hard headed."

"Very true," replied the Colonel laughing, "but you have another liquor made from rye and other grains, which seems to be more popular. Its effect on people is something like laughing gas. It varies according to the predominant traits of the subject."

After a toast had been drank to the health of Gustave and Valérie, and the prosperity and happiness of their prospective union, the company divided itself in small sections, and wandered at will among the forest, or reclined at ease on its mossy couches. Marianne and the Colonel sauntered slowly together under the shade of the grand old trees, which like guardian spirits seemed to hover over them. At last they reached a secluded spot where all seemed peaceful and quiet—the birds sang sweetly, as if unconscious of the nearness of the great city.

“Marianne,” said the Colonel softly.

At the sound of her own name from those lips in such a tone, every nerve in her frame quivered.

“Marianne, I have tried to live without you. I cannot. You are all in all to me; without you it seems to me as if earth had no flowers, and even heaven had withdrawn its stars. Are there differences between us? Differences of taste, of sentiments, of habits, of thought? Only let me hope that you can love me a tenth part so much as I love you, and such differences cease to be discord. Love harmonizes all sounds, blends all colors into its own divine oneness of heart and soul. Marianne, there

is one name which I can never utter without a reverence due to the religion which binds earth to heaven—a name which to man should be the symbol of life cheered and beautified, exalted, hallowed. That name is ‘wife.’ Will you take that name from me, darling?”

For a moment only she was silent, then the fair head sank on his shoulder, as she softly murmured, “Yes, Armand;” and the birds sang on, the only witnesses on earth.

Together they returned to where the aged grandmother sat, in all the beauty of happy old age.

“Your blessing, grandmother,” said Marianne kneeling at her feet.

The old lady understood all. “God bless you, my darling,” she said as her aged eyes filled with tears. “I have only you and Valérie left.”

“And me too, grandmother,” said the Colonel.

And so united, their lives would, like a river, flow on peacefully through flowery meadows to the broad ocean of eternity.

* * * * *

A short time after Valérie was married to Gustave, and they went for the honeymoon, not to

the Isle of Man, but to the country of man—Switzerland. Marianne's wedding was to take place shortly after. Victor has stopped speculating, but not until he dearly paid for it. Those beautiful and costly apartments are no more to him. The great financier ran the stock of his new avenue to a high figure, then neglected to tell his friend Victor to sell, but unloaded his own stock on the credulous public, who soon found it to be worthless, Victor of course among them. Lieut.-Commander Moore and his lovely wife are in America, "the land of pretty gals and cider," as he says. Mrs. Greer in the sunny South often thinks of her "Yesterdays in Paris."

THE END.

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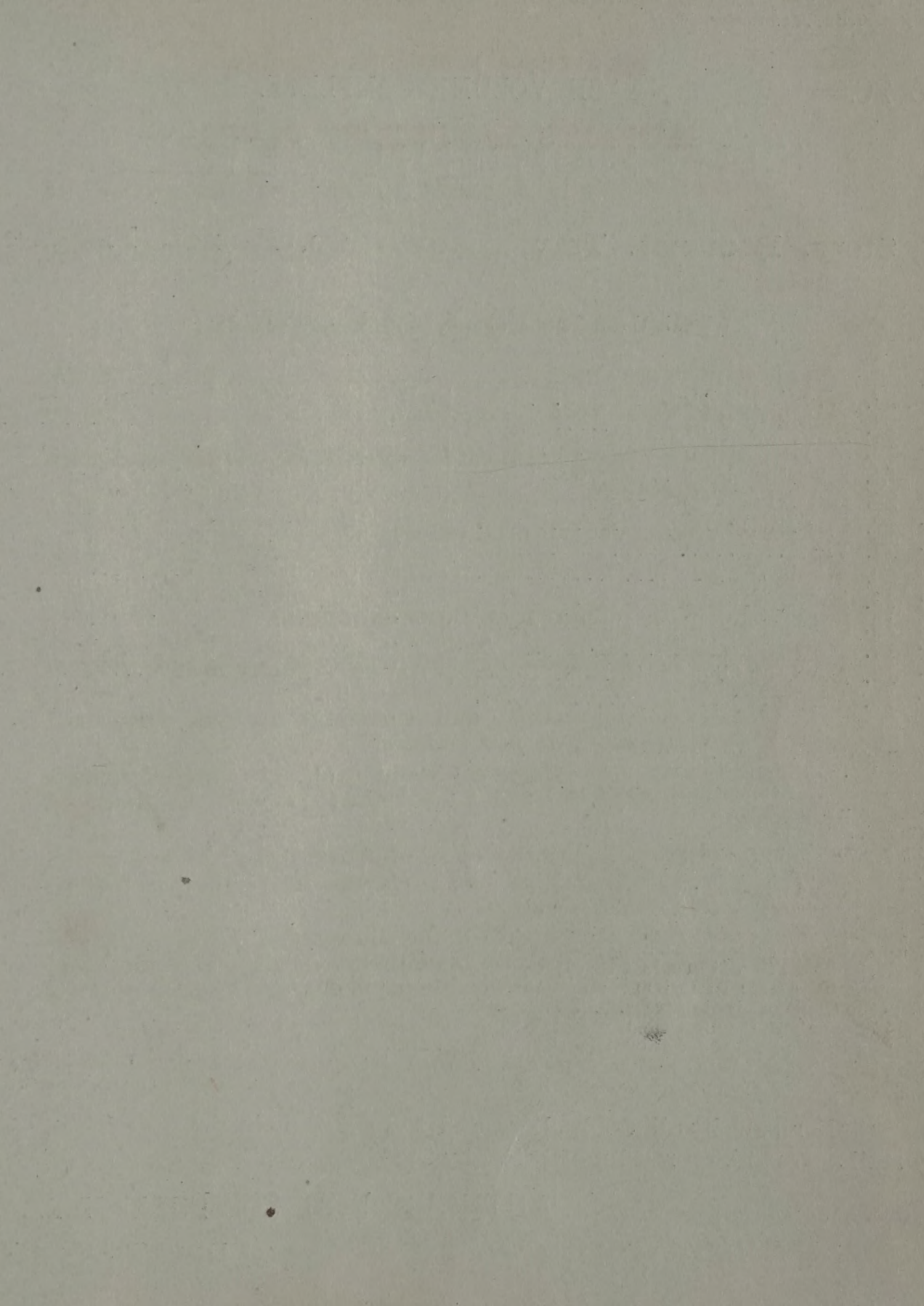
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
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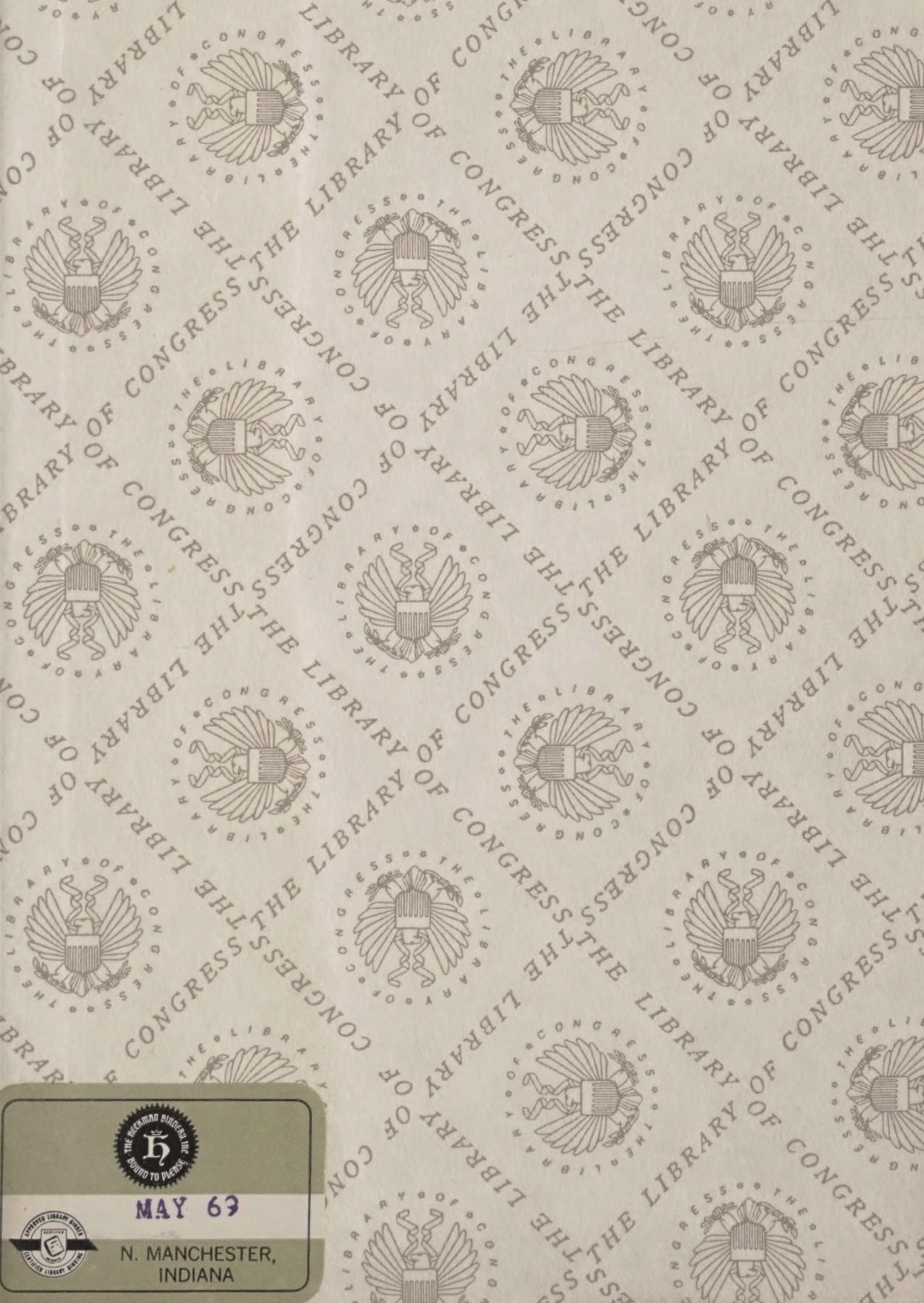
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